

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it;  
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad  
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill  
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise  
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night  
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life  
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:  
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it  
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe  
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

*Exeunt.*

*Floriſh.* Enter *Claudius*, King of *Denmarke*, *Gertrude* the *Queene*,  
Counsaile: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,  
*Hamlet*, *Cum Alijs.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death  
The memorie be Greene, and that it vs befitted  
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,  
To be contracted in one browe of woe  
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him  
Together with remembrance of our selues:  
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our *Queene*  
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state  
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy  
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funerall, and with diridge in marriage,  
In equall scale waighing delight and dole  
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard  
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone  
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)  
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbras*,  
Holding a weake supposall of our worth  
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death  
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame  
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage  
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

Importing

## Prince of De

Importing the surrender of those  
Lost by his father, with all bands  
To our most valiant brother, so m  
Now for our selfe, and for this tin  
Thus much the busines is, we hau  
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Forten*  
Who impotent and bedred scarce  
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to  
His further gate heerein, in that t  
The lists, and full proportions are  
Out of his subiect, and we heere di  
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valen*  
For bearers of this greeting to old  
Giuing to you no further persona  
To busines with the King, more t  
Of these delated articles allowe:  
Farwell, and let your hast comme

*Cor. Vo.* In that, and all things

*King.* We doubt it nothing, ha  
And now *Laertes* whats the newes  
You told vs of some sute, what ist  
You cannot speake of reason to th  
And lose your voyce; what wold'  
That shall not be my offer, nor th  
The head is not more natieue to th  
The hand more instrumentall to r  
Then is the throne of *Denmarke* t  
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?

*Laer.* My dread Lord,

Your leave and fauour to returne  
From whence, though willingly I  
To shoue my dutie in your Coron  
Yet now I must confesse, that duty  
My thoughts and wishes bend ag  
And bowe them to your gracious

*King.* Haue you your fathers lea

*Polo.* Hath my Lord wroung f  
By labour some petition, and at last  
Vpon his will I seald my hard con